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Archangel, the Russian port at the mouth of the Dwina—or rather at the head of the delta of that river—is some six degrees of latitude farther north than Fort Churchill, the destined oceanic outlet for the North-Western trade. The story of its settlement is not without historic interest, especially for Canadian students. It is not without significance, as tending to confirm the Sagas of the visits of the Northmen to Labrador and Nova Scotia, that in the tenth century Norse adventurers had formed a colony in the neighbourhood of that sub-arctic seaport. The modern town, however, dates from the advent at the Dwina of the English sailor, Chancellor. Even then (1553) religious zeal had proved the habitability of those bleak shores, for it was in the Monastery of St. Nicholas that Chancellor, driven by stress of weather, was glad to find shelter. On his return the explorer informed his fellow-countrymen of the advantages that the mouth of the Dwina offered for trade, and soon after, with the sanction of Ivan II., an English factory was established there. In 1584 a fort was built, and in course of time a cluster of dwellings girdled it round. The hamlet thus evolved took the name of the Archangel Michael, a monastery in whose honour had arisen on the spot. The necessities of the Czars as to maritime communication with the rest of the world gave the main impulse to its development, for then and for years after Archangel was Russia's only seaport. When Peter the Great visited the place in 1693, its exports to England alone approached \$600,000. To Peter, however, it owed its decline, for early in the last century, when he founded the city that bears his name, he did all in his power to divert trade, population and all kinds of enterprise to the new metropolis. Towards the close of the century it began to recover some of its lost prosperity, and has since made fair progress. It is the chief town of an important province, the seat of two governors and of an archbishop, has a Protestant and ten Orthodox churches, with colleges, hospitals, banks, manufactories, and a population of nearly 25,000. The harbour is open from June till October. Vessels of larger draught have to load and unload by means of lighters. There is a dockyard, with slips for ship-building. Connection with the interior is maintained by rivers and canals, but ere long, doubtless, it will profit by the railway movement, which for some years has been so marked a feature of Russia's policy. Some of our readers may live to see a Western and much greater Archangel at the mouth of the Nelson.

That famous traveller and writer who has left so many vivid pictures of what, during his journeys westward, were out-of-the-way and little known scenes of American life, was equally devious in his tours through Europe. The day may be approaching, now that the Hudson's Bay railway enterprise has reached a fresh stage in its progress towards accomplishment, when it will not be deemed eccentric for a traveller to enter Canada from the north, as Mr. Hepworth Dixon entered Russia. He received his welcome to the land

of the Czars at Archangel, from which he started on his tour to and through the interior. The approach to Archangel by the Arctic Ocean—a route which offers a certain parallel to our own north-west passage to the future city of Churchill—he has described with a graphic pen: "Rounding the North Cape, a weird and hoary mass of rock projecting far into the Arctic foam, we drive in a south-east course, lashed by the wind and beaten by hail and rain, for two long days, during which the sun never sets and never rises, and in which, if there is dawn at the hour of midnight, there is also dusk at the time of noon. Leaving the picturesque lines of fiord and alp behind, we run along a dim, unbroken coast, not often to be seen through the pall of mist until, at the end of some fifty hours, we feel, as it were, the land in our front; a stretch of low-lying shore in the vague and far-off distance, tending away towards the south, like the trail of an evening cloud. We bend in a southern course between the Holy Point (Sviatoi Noss, called in our charts, in rough salt slang, Sweet Nose), and Kanin Cape, towards the Corridor—a strait of some thirty miles wide, leading from the Polar Ocean into that vast irregular dent in the northern shore of Great Russia, known as the Frozen Sea. The land now lying on our right, as we run through the Corridor, is that of the Lapps * * * * The land on our left is the Kanin peninsula, part of that region of heath and sand over which the Samoyed roams, a desert of ice and snow still wilder than the country hunted by the Lapps—a land without a village, without a road, without a field, without a name; for the Russians who own it have no name for it save that of the Samoyed's land. This province of the great empire wends away north and east from the walls of Archangel, and the waters of the Kanin Cape to the summit of the Ural chain and the iron gates of the Kara Sea." After entering the Gulf of Archangel, Mr. Dixon found the scenery picturesque, and the weather being good, he enjoyed the trip to Archangel. "Good-bye! Look out for wolves! Take care of brigands! Good-bye, good-bye!" shout a dozen voices, and then that friendly and frozen city is left behind. All night under murky stars we tear along a dreary path; pines on our right, pines on our left and pines on our front * * * all night, all day." And so, in tarantass, over stones and sand, through slush and bog, Mr. Dixon was driven post-haste to Witegra on Lake Onega—about as far as from Churchill to Winnipeg—through one vast forest of birch and pine.

It is just eight years since in this city was held the Forestry Convention, from which those who were concerned about the rapid disappearance of our timber wealth looked for fruitful and far-reaching results. That well attended gathering of men of business and science was largely due to the exertions of the late Mr. James Little and Mr. William Little, his son. It comprised representatives of nearly all the provinces and of many States of the Union and the papers that were read, the addresses that were delivered and the discussions that arose out of them dealt with every branch of the comprehensive subject of forestry. So earnest were the essayists, so ripe was their knowledge, so indisputable was their array of statistics, and so convincing were their arguments, that the occasion seemed with justice to be greeted by the press as the starting-point of a new era of forest administration which would remove the danger of timber dearth then apparently so imminent. The convention was not certainly without some beneficial results. Governments, societies and individuals began to recognize that at the rate of consumption then prevalent, the timber supply in existence could not last beyond a limited period; and various schemes of economy were proposed and to some extent adopted. Attempts were made to interest the people generally in this reform by the institution of a tree festival or Arbor Day. The work of renovation thus exemplified was also carried out on a considerable scale in various places by systematic tree-planting, associated occasionally with experiments in the

growth of exotics of like climates in the Old World. The movement which in Canada was inaugurated by the Montreal convention, was by no means confined to this continent. A fair-sized library has been created by the history of its outcome in various countries—one author, Dr. J. C. Brown, having written more than a dozen volumes on forests, forest lands, forest management, and scientific and commercial forestry. An international forestry exhibition was held in Edinburgh in 1884, at which delegates from both hemispheres were present, and an opportunity was afforded for comparing the forest economy of different parts of the world.

It might be thought that so far-reaching an agitation would have produced a decided and perceptible improvement in the treatment of our forest wealth. Yet, Mr. William Little, who, with his father, took a leading share in the Congress of 1882, has just sounded a fresh note of alarm as to the rapid decrease and virtual destruction of the most valuable timber areas of this continent. "To get rid of the timber," he writes, in the opening remarks of a pamphlet, of which the words above quoted form the title, was the answer sent from the State of Arkansas, two years ago, to the Michigan State Forest Commission when inquiring about that State's policy respecting its timber." And then he goes on to maintain that if the Governments of both the United States and Canada were to speak the real truth, they would make virtually the same reply. In both countries, he insists, there is the same apathy, the same negligence, the same wilful waste and disregard of the needs of the future. It is not alone those that are in power who are to blame. It is the people on whom the culpability, in the last resort, must lie. The disappearance, with such disastrous speed, of one of the most precious portions of the public domain is viewed with apparent unconcern by those to whom it is a subject of vital, of momentous, importance. Attention has been called again and again to the actual state of the case, to the urgent necessity of checking the present rate of ruinous consumption, but, except in a few rare instances here and there, no heed has been paid to the often uttered warnings. "New lines of railway are being built or extended into districts dependent almost entirely on the timber trade for business; the carrying capacity of the lake marine has been increased at an enormous rate; cities, towns and villages, depending largely on the lumber industry, are enlarging their borders, as if the supply were inexhaustible. But timber cannot be grown like a crop of corn; its growth is a matter not of years but of ages, and when once gone, cannot be restored during the life-time of those now living, while the really good timber of the North Atlantic and Lake region is not only not inexhaustible, but actually about exhausted." In proof of the folly of the practice that he deprecates, Mr. Little then shows how, after exhausting the forests of the New England States and pushing their operations through Northern New York, Pennsylvania and Canada, the lumbermen, still in search of that precious timber, the incomparable white pine, finally reached the States of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. And with what relentless energy they have there waged their war of extermination is shown by the fact that, during the last season, the timber converted into lumber in these last three States reached the enormous total of 8,305,833,277 superficial feet—an amount equal to two-thirds of the entire cut of all descriptions of timber in all the States of the Union twenty years ago. The cut of shingles last year in the same region amounted to 4,698,975,800 pieces, made almost exclusively from white pine, which, if added to the previous figures, would give a total consumption of 9,000,000,000 feet. "But," adds Mr. Little, "this frightful slaughter of the forests has about reached its end. The 29,000,000,000 feet reported as standing in Lower Michigan ten years ago, by the census of 1880, has dwindled to but 3,000,000,000, or one-tenth that amount last year." Mr. Little quotes the Hon. Carl Schurz, the Hon. Mr. Joly de Lotbiniere, the New York